

Where Utah People will Bathe When San Pedro Road is Completed.

SENATOR CLARK lives up to his promises, next winter it will be possible for Salt Lake residents to leave a snowclad landscape one morning and the next evening be in the shimmering sands in a breezy bathing suit and bow their heads to Old Neptune as they elevate their heels and take a header through the rolling surf of the Pacific. All this may be accomplished without running the risk of contracting pneumonia.

To the average Utahn surf bathing in February sounds like skating in August. Nevertheless such capers are now being cut in the dazzling sunshine that plants its rays upon the sandy beaches at Terminal and Catalina islands. In Southern California the music of the ocean is ever bright and joyous, while its temperature almost throughout the year is like unto that of new milk. The mighty Pacific, true to its name, flows on in happy tranquillity from year's end to year's end. Nature shows the same old "lap" of quiet waters from January to January and over again. And shore and happy bather are washed by the waves benignly and merrily in the middle of February as in the most torrid days of the calendar. A seaside outing is as pleasurable and enticing at Yule-tide as on any midsummer holiday. The Salt Lake Route, which traverses the coast from the picturesque foothills straight along the sea, has on its line five delightful resorts, each distinctive in attraction and the whole a combination of changeable repertoire to suit every taste and traveler. Leaving the higher regions of its source, the Salt Lake Route runs by town and village, ranch and charming vista of orange groves, fruit orchards, strawberry and Chinese gardens, and all the famed delights of this semi-tropic land, until a sudden curve brings into view the great Pacific on one grand sweep, like the

entrance into a new country.

Charming little Alamitos nestles here; "A little village by the sea." Not sandy slope dotted with bare seaside buildings, as is the wont on eastern shores, but a happy bit of real inland town of soil and growth, an appearance of picturesque village life set down beside the water's edge. A little further westward is Long Beach, with its exquisite stretch of ocean beach and the largest and most populous of the Salt Lake Route resorts; "A thriving city by the sea." Here you find well shaded streets, public buildings of attractive architecture, elegant residences and cozy cottages, with green lawns, ornamented with shrubs and flowers, and a well kept park on the ocean front. As a summer and winter resort Long Beach is positively fascinating. It is particularly noted for its large pleasure wharf, fine surf pavilion and its famous ocean beach, extending for 14 miles along the seashore. As an educational center it is the home of the southern California Chautauqua association, which is the occasion of the gathering every summer of some of the most celebrated educational leaders in the country. There are no factories of any sort to mar the quiet secluded beauty, and here you can rest and recuperate the worn-out mind and body, yet at the same time have all the luxuries and pleasures characteristic of a watering place. The privacy of the atmosphere, the solid agricultural back country, with its delightful drives and other advantages, such as fine open sea bathing, yachting and fishing, makes it a place of unrivaled excellence. Just beyond Long Beach and not to be overlooked, though in its early stages of popularity, is Brighton Beach, another bit of that magnificent line of beach which has no counterpart anywhere in the world. The place abounds in natural scenery, and the Brighton Beach hotel, with its bright sunny rooms and broad verandas overlooking the ocean, lends to it an attraction not found elsewhere. "Here on breezy morns you see The fishing schooners outward run;



WHAT ARE THE WILD WAVES SAYING?

Their low bent sails, in tack and fawn, Turned white or dark to shade and sun. Still further along the coast comes

Terminal Island. After all the other resorts of vim and gaiety here is a most charming spot "For rest and reverie." Unlike its predecessors, this resort has

been built solely by men of station and wealth, who have desired to flee the cares of society and a city life, and have here reared themselves beautiful

abodes for health and recreation. Picturesque and commodious structures line the ocean front which at night time are lighted up with electric lights, making a most beautiful effect from the ocean. The island has two excellent hotels and several good boarding houses, with prices to suit every purse. The sunny day and the sleep inducing nights; the roar and swish of the ocean; the sunsets; the marine and mountain views, all lend to the island a charm conducive to rest and pleasure. Two large pleasure wharves running out into the ocean give opportunity for fishing, while the wide sandy beach is a bathing strand of unequalled beauty. The shore of Terminal island is one of the very few in southern California having an east front, thus escaping the glare of the afternoon sun. It is exceptionally favored by having the ocean on one side and the still waters of San Pedro bay on the other, making the facilities for surf and still water sea bathing, yachting and boating the finest on the Pacific coast. Close in to the Point Firmin Lighthouse, the Cliffs and Alamitos Rocks and Dead Man's Island, all historic points of interest, which Dana writes of in his famous book, "Two Years Before the Mast," while opposite is San Pedro Harbor, the great shipping port of southern California, the Pacific terminus of the Salt Lake Route, the point of embarkation for that magic isle, Santa Catalina.

The town of San Pedro lies on the west side of the harbor and is the oldest shipping port in southern California. The harbor is always filled with large schooners and steamers, loading and unloading products from all parts of the world, making it a very interesting place to visit. The business district of the town occupies a narrow flat, while the residence section is on a table land which stretches back to the Palos Verdes hills.

Looking seaward from this point, or from Terminal Island, attention is attracted by what seems to be a double peak, rising out of the water quite a distance off. This is Catalina Island,

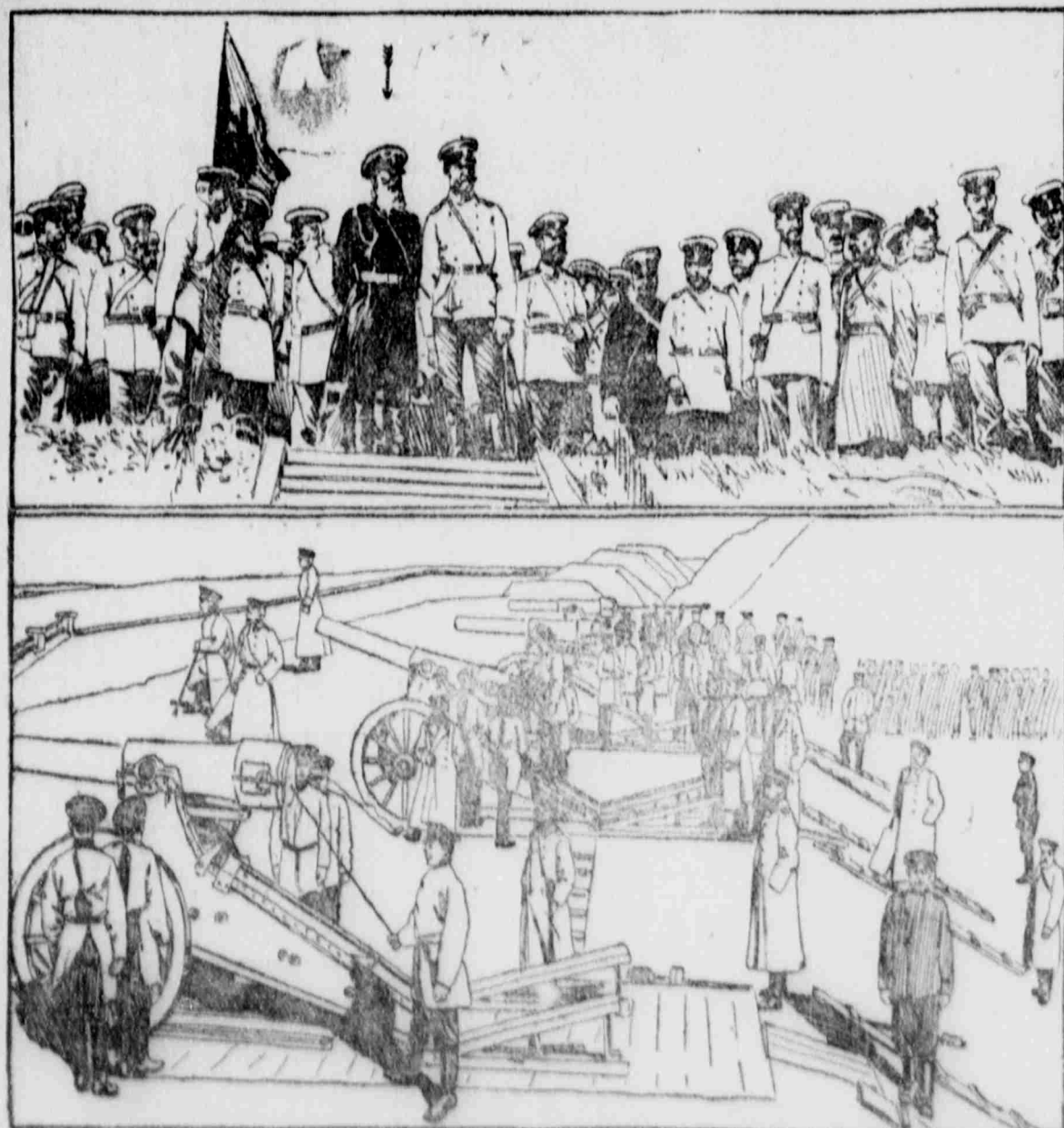
"the wondrous, the beautiful." Soft airs of Madeira, skies and blue waters of Capri—all belong of right to this magic isle. Not a note is lacking to its natural perfectness. It has the beauty and everlasting June of the elder lands, and the open hearted people of the new. Such an island is nowhere else to be found. And Avalon has no counterpart—an American town in a Greek environment.

The island lies out in the Pacific, 25 miles from the coast, and is reached by elegant vestibuled trains of the Salt Lake Route connecting daily with fast steamers sailing from East San Pedro. Avalon nestles in a crescent bay, with the hills stretching away into a deep, broad canyon. The marks of the ancient inhabitants—for the island is shown with mounds and kitchen middens—show that, even if the aborigines were less appreciative in the matter of scenery, they did not overlook the perfection of the climate; and perhaps the plenty of the surrounding sea was as pleasing to them as it is to the sportsman of today. For it is to the sea that Avalon owes many of its unique charms.

It is primarily a kingdom of the red and reel. The leaping tuna, black sea bass, white sea bass, salmon, yellowtail, albacore, whitefish, rock bass and many more of the most alert and vigorous game fish are to be caught at all seasons. The water is still, trout-like rich, and clear as diamond; hence the glass-bottomed boats provide an experience that can nowhere be duplicated. A garden of the sea's strange flowers, proud grey lords of the deep, and shiny soldier swordfish; funny grotesques and nightmare monsters; fish jewelled and plumed in red and purple and gold; wild flowing forms of weed and branching moss, entangled or distinct, in a maze of bowers and arches; shells curiously wrought and delicately painted—shells still in the uses where they were designed by the Tritons; a world of shifting, iridescent lights, clear shadows and colors that would shame a sea of molten opal.



TERMINAL ISLAND, SEASIDE RESORT ON THE SALT LAKE ROUTE.



GENERAL ALEXEIEFF, HIS OFFICERS AND THE PRINCIPAL FORT AT PORT ARTHUR.

In the upper illustration are shown Admiral Alexieff and his officers watching the drill at Port Arthur of the men who will have to face the Japs sooner or later. The lower illustration shows the interior of the most powerful fort at Port Arthur. The arrow in the upper illustration points to Alexieff.

THE REAL GUARDIAN ANGEL.

The late Edwin Lord Weeks, the painter and illustrator, had always a great dislike for dogs. It was amusing, his friends say, to hear him harangue against dogs, and denounce every dog who came within range of his voice. One day, however, he was walking in a park, when he saw a dog lying on the ground, apparently dead. He went over to see what was the matter, and found that the dog was only unconscious. He picked him up and carried him home. The dog, it was found, was a St. Bernard, and was the guardian angel of the late Edwin Lord Weeks.

Another Case of Rheumatism Cured by Chamberlain's Pain Balm.

The officers of Chamberlain's Pain Balm in the relief of rheumatism in being demonstrated daily. Parker T. White, of Grassy, Va., says that Chamberlain's Pain Balm gave him permanent relief from rheumatism in the back when everything else failed, and he would not be without it. For sale by all druggists.

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